

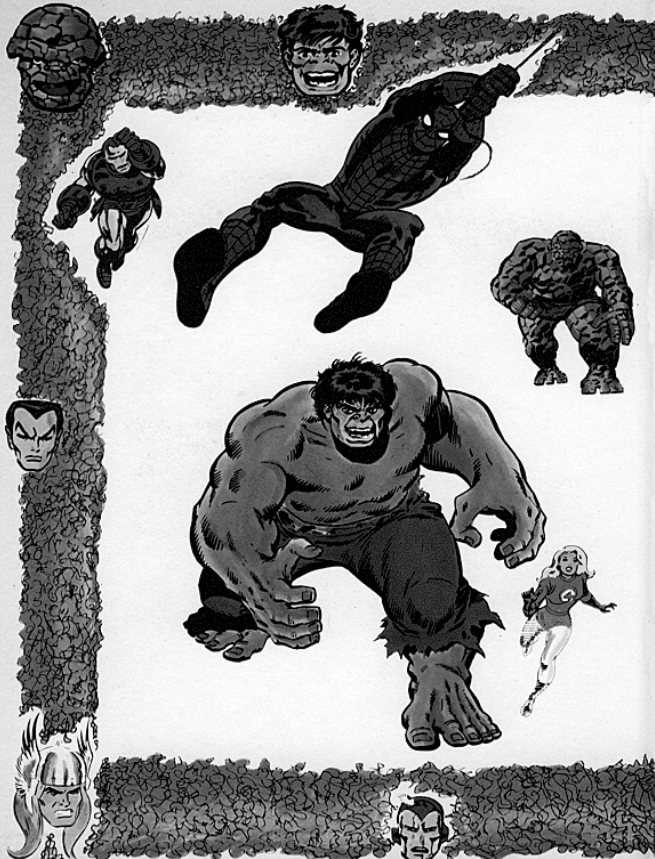
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CAPTAIN BRITAIN™

ANNUAL 1978



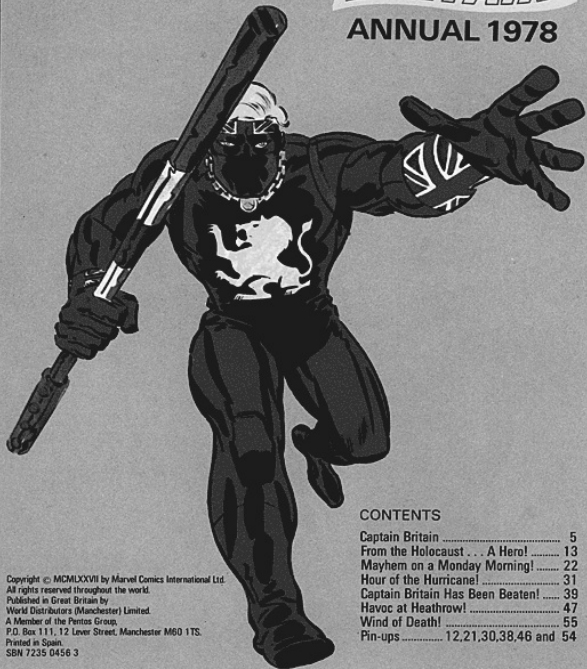




THE NEWEST--AND GREATEST--SUPERHERO OF ALL!

CAPTAIN BRITAIN

ANNUAL 1978



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SINCE EVERY
HERO'S STORY MUST
START SOMEWHERE...

OURS OPENS IN THE REMOTE FASTNESS
OF THE CHEVIOT HILLS, JUST SOUTH OF
THE SCOTTISH BORDER.

ACTUALLY, WE SEEM TO BE
STARTING IN THE MIDDLE
OF OUR TALE... BUT
THERE'S A REASON!
A FANTASTIC
REASON...

CHRIS CLAREMONT * HERB TRIMPE & FRED KIDA
AUTHOR ARTISTS
J. WATANABE * MARIE SEVERIN * LARRY LIEBER
LETTERER COLORIST EDITOR

ALL RIGHT,
GENTLEMEN--IF
YOU WANT ME
SO BADLY--

--COME AND
GET ME!

DON'T KEEP HIM,
WAITING, FOOLS!

THIS SO-CALLED
"HERO" IS ALL THAT
STANDS BETWEEN US
AND ENOUGH POWER
TO RULE THE
WORLD!

KILL HIM!!

YOU'LL FIND THAT
EASIER SAID THAN
DONE, REAVER!

GOOD LORD,
I BARELY
SWUNG MY
STAFF--

--YET I KNOCKED
HIM
UNCONSCIOUS!

ANOTHER OF REAVER'S
BULLY-BOYS COMING UP
BEHIND ME...

I'M BATTLING THESE
THUGS AS IF
I'VE BEEN FIGHTING
ALL MY LIFE...

BUT I HAVEN'T!

I'M A PHYSICIST,
NOT SOME...
SUPER-HERO!

...I'M... I'M...
REACTING WITH
THE SPEED OF
THOUGHT.

BUT NOW?! HOW
DID I EVEN KNOW
HE WAS THERE?!

BROW!



MEMORIES...TUCKED IN BETWEEN THE HARSH GRUNTS AND STRAINING MUSCLES OF A BATTLE TO THE DEATH...

DARKMOOR RESEARCH CENTRE--
22:58 HRS...DARKMOOR, A TOP SECRET NUCLEAR COMPLEX,
HALF-HIDDEN ON THE LONELY MOOR!

THE MOOR WAS A PLACE OF FAERY RINGS AND THE OLD GODS, OF SPRITES AND ELVES, AND HAUNTED WOODS, A PLACE OF LEGENDS ...AND ANCIENT POWER...

BUT THE OLD STORIES--AND OLDER FEARS--HAD MADE DARKMOOR A DESOLATE PLACE AS WELL...

THAT'S THE MOOR'S MAIN ATTRACTION FOR US, BRIAN. ITS ISOLATION. WE'RE THE ONLY PEOPLE FOR TWENTY MILES IN ANY DIRECTION.

SO...IF ANYTHING WERE TO GO WRONG WITH OUR REACTORS...

...WE'D BE THE ONLY ONES TO GET HURT.

BY THE WAY, I'M VERY PLEASED WITH THE WAY YOU'RE WORKING OUT AS MY ASSISTANT...

BUT IT'S ONLY TEMPORARY, DR. TRAVIS, UNTIL THE NEW TERM BEGINS AT THAMES UNIVERSITY.

"...JUST AS THERE ARE MEN WHO WOULD KILL TO LEARN OUR SECRETS.

"YOU'RE TOO MODEST, BRIAN--THERE ARE MEN WHO WOULD SELL THEIR SOULS TO WORK ON THIS PROJECT, EVEN TEMPORARILY...

"BECAUSE DARKMOOR CENTRE'S ON THE THRESHOLD OF DEVELOPING A PRACTICAL, SAFE FUSION REACTOR SYSTEM...

"...ONE THAT WILL SOLVE THE WORLD'S ENERGY CRISIS OVERNIGHT.

"MAKE NO MISTAKE, BRIAN; WE'RE PLAYING FOR VERY HIGH STAKES, AND THE GAME IS WINNER-TAKE-ALL."

QUITE TRUE, DR. TRAVIS. SUCH A PITY THERE ARE ALWAYS PEOPLE ALL TOO WILLING TO STACK THE DECK IN THEIR FAVOUR.

... BY ANY MEANS POSSIBLE.

DR. TRAVIS--
DID YOU HEAR
THAT SOUND? IT'S
COMING FROM
OUTSIDE!

BRIAN--LOOK
AT THE WALL!

WHAT'S
HAPPENING?!

IT SOUNDS LIKE
SHOOTING!

SIMPLE, DR. TRAVIS--THE
VILLAINS ARE MAKING
THEIR ENTRANCE...

SKB RAM!

ASSAULT TEAMS
"A" AND "B"--PROCEED
TO YOUR OBJECTIVES
AND NEUTRALIZE ALL
RESISTANCE!

GAS THE SCIENTISTS!
PUT THEM ABOARD THE
HOVERCRAFT! WHEN
THEY AWAKE, THESE
WORTHY GENTLEMEN
WILL NO LONGER
SERVE THE CROWN...

THEY WILL SERVE
JOSHUA STRAGG--
THE
REAPER!

YOU HEARD THE
BOSS. NOW, MOVE IT!
CAUSE IF YOU'RE LATE,
YOU'RE LEFT BEHIND,
AND IF YOU'RE LEFT
BEHIND--

--YOU'RE DEAD!

THERE'S NO TIME TO RESIST THE ASSAULT AS THE REAVER'S MEN SWARM THROUGH THE COMPLEX...

...AND NOTHING THE DARKMOOR PERSONNEL COULD DO EVEN IF THERE WERE TIME; THEY'RE SCIENTISTS, NOT SOLDIERS...



THERE'S NOT EVEN A PLACE TO HIDE--BECAUSE ANY WALL TOO STRONG FOR HIS MEN TO HANDLE...

...THE REAVER HIMSELF, BLASTS DOWN!



TEAM "A"--
YOU'RE
RUNNING
BEHIND
SCHEDULE!
HURRY IT UP
OR BE
MARDOONED!

THEIR LEADER IS STRAGG. I DON'T KNOW NOW HE GOT HIS MEN PAST OUR SECURITY, BUT HE DID!

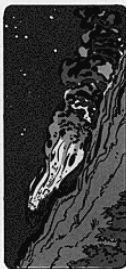
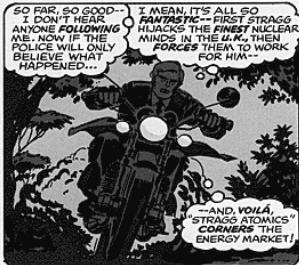
NOW OUR ONLY CHANCE TO PREVENT THIS MASS KIDNAPPING IS TO GET HELP! WE'VE GOT TO--



HE'S STUNNED--LIKE EVERYONE ELSE, I'M THE ONLY ONE LEFT TO USE THE SMOKE AND CONFUSION AS COVER--

AND MAKE A BREAK FOR THAT HOLE IN THE WALL TO THE CARPARK BEYOND. I ONLY PRAY THERE'S TOO MUCH GOING ON FOR THE REAVER'S MEN TO SHOOT STRAIGHT.





"I WHO AM THE BEAUTY OF THE GREEN EARTH AND THE WHITE MOON AMONGST THE STARS AND THE MYSTERY OF THE WATERS, AND THE DESIRE OF THE HEART OF MAN, I CALL UNTO THY SOUL TO ARISE AND COME UNTO ME..."

...UNNNH...

...ALIVE...SOMEHOW,
I'M ALIVE...

"FOR I AM THE SOUL OF NATURE WHO GIVETH LIFE TO THE UNIVERSE; FROM ME ALL THINGS PROCEED..."

"...AND UNTO ME ALL THINGS MUST RETURN."

ALL...BROKEN
INSIDE...I CAN
BARELY BREATHE
OR...MOVE.
UNHH, THE PAIN...

WELCOME TO THE SIEGE PERILOUS, BRIAN BRADDOCK.
--WELCOME HOME.

WHA--? THAT
VOICE--A WOMAN'S,
BUT WHO...?

BE SILENT, MORTAL--THOU HAST NOT BEEN GIVEN LEAVE TO SPEAK.

THOU ART IN A
MOST ANCIENT
CIRCLE OF POWER
--AND THOU ART
HERE TO BE
JUDGED...

...ON PERIL
OF THY
IMMORTAL
SOUL!

THIS ISN'T REAL;
IT CAN'T BE. I'M--
I'M DREAMING
AS I...DIE.

HEarken UNTO ME,
BRIAN BRADDOCK, FOR
I, AND THE LADY OF THE
NORTHERN SKIES,
ARE NO DREAM.

THOU MUST
CHOOSE EITHER
THE AMULET OR
THE SWORD...
LIFE OR DEATH
--FOR THEE...

...AND,
MAYHAP,
FOR THY
WORLD,
AS WELL!

CONTINUED ON
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The order changeth time
and again...but
THE AVENGERS
KEEP MARCHING ON!



Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

CAPTAIN BRITAIN!

CHRIS CLAREMONT
AUTHOR

HERB TRIMPE & FRED KIDA
ARTISTS

J. WATANABE, LETTERER
MARIE SEVERIN, COLOURIST

LARRY LIEBER
EDITOR

FROM THE HOLOCAUST-- A HERO!

THE TIME IS MIDNIGHT, THE PLACE, DARKMOOR--A DESOLATE PATCH OF GROUND SET DEEP WITHIN NORTHUMBERLAND'S CHEVIOT HILLS.

THE YOUNG MAN IS BRIAN BRADDOCK, A UNIVERSITY STUDENT, WHO, MINUTES BEFORE, SAW HIS COLLEAGUES FROM THE DARKMOOR ATOMIC RESEARCH CENTRE KIDNAPPED BY JASON STRAGG--THE REAVER!

ONLY BRIAN ESCAPED THE RAID--AND FROM THAT MOMENT ON, HE'S BEEN A MAN CAUGHT IN A NIGHTMARE!

CHOOSE, BRIAN BRADDOCK: THE AMULET OR THE SWORD--THE POWER OF LIFE OR THAT OF DEATH--FOR THEE...

...AND MAYHAP, FOR THY WORLD, AS WELL!

REAVER'S MEN--
THEY'RE ALL AROUND
ME! I'VE NO PLACE
LEFT TO RUN...

THERE'S
THE BOY!

GRAB HIM!
I'LL HAVE THE HIDE
OFF ANYONE WHO
LETS HIM GET AWAY
AGAIN!

DON'T KNOW WHAT
TO DO... SO HARD TO
THINK WITH THESE
VOICES POUNDING INSIDE
MY HEAD, COMMANDING
ME TO CHOOSE--!



THIS IS MADNESS--TO BE DREAMING IN THE MIDDLE OF A LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE--AND YET, THIS AMULET'S REAL ENOUGH.

EVERYTHING'S HAPPENING SO FAST--TOO FAST--I NEED TIME TO MAKE SENSE OUT OF...

THERE IS NO MORE TIME, CHILD. CHOOSE!



CHOOSE WHICH? THE SWORD OR THE AMULET? THE SYMBOL OF BLOODSHED OR THE SYMBOL OF LIFE?

I'M NO KILLER--NO SLAYER OF MEN! FOR ME THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE CHOICE!

...THE AMULET!



MIDNIGHT.

ON EARTH, BRIAN BRADDOCK TOUCHES A MYSTIC STONE THAT HAS LAIN UNTOUCHED WITHIN THE SEIGE PERILOUS FOR A THOUSAND YEARS...

...WHILE, AT THAT SAME MOMENT AN INFINITY AWAY, A BOLT OF PUREST ENERGY ARCS ACROSS THE FACE OF THE UNIVERSE...



...TO STRIKE HOME A MOMENT LATER.



"REJOICE, MY SON, FOR THOU HAST CHOSEN THE AMULET OF RIGHT O'ER THE SWORD OF MIGHT. / THEREFORE, LET THERE BE BEAUTY AND STRENGTH--POWER AND COMPASSION--HONOUR AND HUMILITY, MIRTH AND REVERENCE--WITHIN YOU...

MY MIND--! IMAGES TEARING AT ME--THE GODDESS' VOICE-- LOUDER THAN I CAN STAND--!

IN HEAVEN'S NAME, WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME?!

"BE ONE WITH THY BROTHERS OF THE ROUND TABLE--WITH ARTHUR AND LANCELOT, GALAHAD AND GALAHAD, WITH THEM ALL..."



BE *THOU* WHAT
THEY WERE--
A *HERO*!

STRIVE FOREVER TO MAINTAIN THE
RULE OF *RIGHT*--OF LAW AND JUSTICE--
AGAINST THOSE WHO LIVE AND
RULE BY MIGHT.

THY *FIRST TEST*
IS UPON THEE NOW,
BRIAN BRADDOCK. I
PRAY THOU ART
WORTHY OF IT.



*THIS--IS--
INSANE!!*

A *SECOND AGO*, IT WAS
AS IF MY VERY *BEING*
WERE ON *FIRE*--MIND,
BODY AND SOUL TOGETHER--
AND NOW...

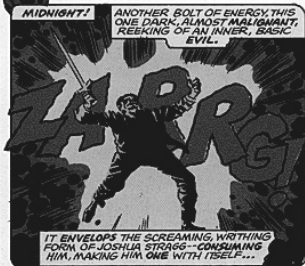
THIS *COSTUME*, APPEARING OUT
OF *NOWHERE*--FITTING ME AS IF
IT'S *TAILOR-MADE*--AND MY
BODY *WITHIN* THE *COSTUME*. I
FEEL... *BIGGER, FASTER, STRONGER*--
--LITERALLY *BURSTING* WITH
POWER. BUT HOW--AND *WHY*?!?



THE *BOY-HERO* LOOKS *CONFUSED*.
I'M NOT SURE I *BELIEVE* WHAT
I'M SEEING HERE *MYSELF*...

...BUT *WHATEVER*
IS GOING ON, I
MUST STOP THAT
COSTUMED CLOWN
BEFORE HE
STOPS ME.

AND THIS *SWORD* SEEMS AS *GOOD*
A WEAPON AS ANY TO DO THE *DEED*--
IF I CAN ONLY PULL IT *FREE*!



MIDNIGHT!

ANOTHER BOLT OF ENERGY, *THIS*
ONE *DARK, ALMOST MALIGNANT*,
REEKING OF AN *INNER, BASIC*
EVIL.

IT *ENVELOPS* THE SCREAMING, WRITHING
FORM OF JOSHUA STRAGG--*CONSUMING*
HIM, MAKING HIM *ONE WITH ITSELF*...

AND--AS THE FIRST BOLT DID
WITH BRIAN BRADDOCK--THE SECOND
LEAVES REAVER FOREVER CHANGED.

HARRY! JOE! ALL OF YOU--
LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED
TO THE BOSS!

HE LOOKS LIKE
SOME BLEEDIN'
KNIGHT IN
SHINING
ARMOUR!

FORGET THE BOSS! WE'VE
GOTTA PUT THIS SUPER-
HERO DOWN BEFORE HE
GETS HIS WIND UP!

SO LET'S
GET 'IM,
LADS!

WHAT DID
HE CALL
ME--A SUPER-
HERO...?

UNNNH--NO
TIME TO WORRY
ABOUT NAMES
NOW--REAVER'S
MEN TACKLING
ME FROM ALL
SIDES--TOO MANY
TO COPE WITH--!

THAT'S IT,
MEN! SMASH THE
HERO DOWN!

KILL HIM!



BUT ONE PUNCH WON'T WIN THIS BATTLE. THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT FOR ME TO SURMOUNT WITH FISTS ALONE.

AND IT FITS MY PALM IF IT WERE MADE FOR ME--JUST LIKE MY COSTUME.

THERE ARE SOME STUDS ON THE HAFT-- LET ME PRESS ONE AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS...

INTERESTING--AS I THOUGHT THAT, MY HAND INSTINCTIVELY WENT TO THIS STICK-THING ON MY BACK.

FOAK!

I ONLY HOPE THIS "QUARTERSTAFF" GIVES ME THE EDGE I WAS HOPING FOR. BECAUSE IF IT DOESN'T, I'LL BE DEAD...

...AND THE KIDNAPPED SCIENTISTS WILL BE REAVER'S SLAVES FOR LIFE.

NO MORE FOOLING ABOUT, BRIAN-- HERE COME REAVER'S MEN TO FINISH YOU OFF.

THAT HAD BEEN A HALF-HOUR AGO, AND SINCE THEN, THE FIGHT HAS BEEN HARD-FOUGHT AND BRUTAL, NO QUARTER ASKED, NONE GIVEN...UNTIL...

YOUR MEN ARE BEATEN, REAVER--

--YOUR DREAMS OF CONQUEST ARE FINISHED.



THIS FARCE HAS GONE ON LONG ENOUGH, MY FRIEND--THE TIME HAS COME FOR YOU TO TAKE YOUR FINAL BOW--

--AND DIE!



SHOCK WAVES!

I'VE MANAGED TO REGAIN MY STAFF--BUT IT'S GOING TO DO ME PRECIOUS LITTLE GOOD AGAINST THESE--

UNNGNH!!



REAVER'S KEEPING UP THE PRESSURE--PLAYING CAT AND MOUSE WITH ME.

BUT SOONER OR LATER, HE'LL GET BORED, AND WHEN HE DOES, I'VE HAD IT!



UNLESS... IT'S A MAD THOUGHT BUT...

...REAVER'S POWER COMES FROM HIS SWORD, AS MINE DOES FROM MY AMULET--HIS FORCE BLASTS ARE A MANIFESTATION OF THAT POWER, AS MY STRENGTH AND AGILITY ARE OF MINE...



...HIS FOR EVIL... MINE FOR GOOD.

OUR POWERS ARE TOTAL OPPOSITES, EACH BALANCING THE OTHER--AND PERHAPS CANCELLING EACH OTHER OUT AS WELL!

THUS IT'S POSSIBLE THAT REAVER CAN ONLY HARM ME IF HE CATCHES ME UNAWARES--OR IF HIS WILL IS STRONGER THAN MINE.



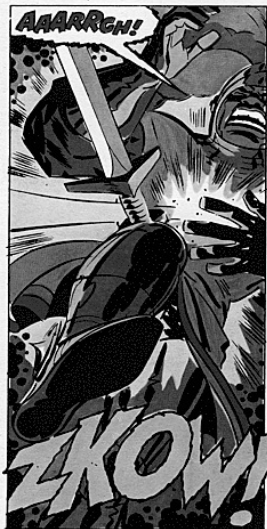
IN SHORT, IF HE'S A BETTER MAN THAN I AM.

AND NOW'S THE TIME TO FIND OUT...

...BY STEPPING INTO THE OPEN...



...TO GIVE REAVER THE SHOT THAT HE'S BEEN WAITING FOR.



A MARVEL MASTERWORK PiN-UP

CAPTAIN BRITAIN!

BORN IN FULFILLMENT OF AN
ANCIENT DREAM--FORGED AND
TEMPERED IN THE FIRES OF
DEFEAT AND DEATH...

...A MAN GIFTED WITH
SUPERIOR POWERS AND
ABILITIES--

-- HE IS THAT RAREST
OF ALL MEN!

A SUPER-HERO!

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

CAPTAIN BRITAIN!

CHRIS CLAREMONT * HERB TRIMPE & FRED KIDA * I. WATANABE, LETTERER * LARRY LIEBER
AUTHOR ARTISTS G. ROUSSOS, COLORIST EDITOR

MAYHEM ON A MONDAY MORNING!

THERE'D BEEN NO WARNING--ONE MOMENT IT WAS AN AVERAGE MONDAY MORNING AT THE CHAMBER'S ST. BANK--THE MAIN FLOOR CROWDED WITH THE USUAL MIXTURE OF THAMES UNIVERSITY STUDENTS AND DOCKYARD LABOURERS--

--AND THE NEXT INSTANT, ALL HELL BROKE LOOSE!

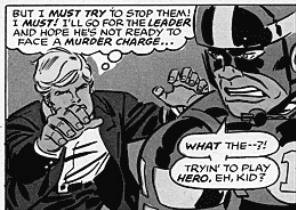
THOSE MEN--THEY'RE SMASHING THRU HERE LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF KOJAK! CAPTAIN BRITAIN COULD STOP THEM--

--BUT SO LONG AS I'M IN MY BRIAN BRADDOCK IDENTITY, I'M HELPLESS!

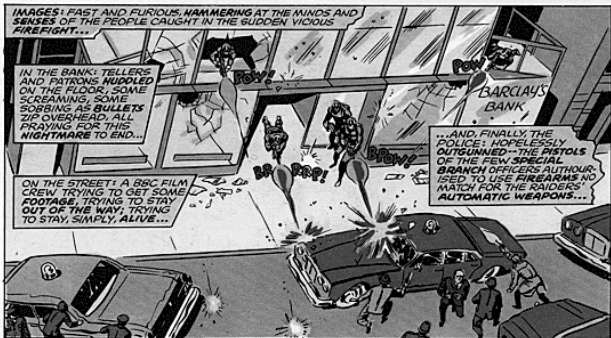
MY GOD--
IT'S A
ROBBERY!

SPREAD OUT,
MATES--TAKE
EVERYONE HERE
HOSTAGE!

AN' IF ANYONE
GIVES ANY TROUBLE,
LET 'EM HAVE IT!











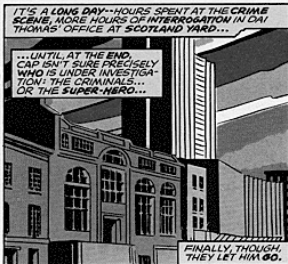


I WOULDN'T COUNT ON THAT IF I WERE YOU, MATE. AN' IF YOU'RE WONDERING WHO "I" AM, THE NAME'S DAI THOMAS. CHIEF INSPECTOR, C.I.D.

AN' AS FAR AS YOU'RE CONCERNED CAPTAIN BRIAN, I'M ONE COP WHO DISLIKES SUPER-VIGILANTES AS MUCH AS HE DISLIKES SUPER-VILLAINS.

THAT'S BLOODY MARVELOUS-- I THOUGHT I WAS ONE OF THE GOOD GUYS. BUT OBVIOUSLY HE DOESN'T!

THUS, A FATEFUL MEETING OF Foes IS POSTPONED BY A SKEPTICAL MINION OF THE LAW.



IT'S A LONG DAY--HOURS SPENT AT THE CRIME SCENE, MORE HOURS OF INTERROGATION IN DAI THOMAS' OFFICE AT SCOTLAND YARD...

...UNTIL, AT THE END, CAP ISN'T SURE PRECISELY WHO IS UNDER INVESTIGATION: THE CRIMINALS... OR THE SUPER-HERO...

FINALLY, THOUGH, THEY LET HIM GO.



AND--AFTER A QUICK, BACK-ALLEY CHANGE, BRIAN BRADDOCK MAKES HIS WAY ACROSS THE RIVER TO THE GROUNDS OF THAMES UNIVERSITY...

DECIDING, ON IMPULSE, TO STOP IN AT THE SCHOOL'S "OFFICIAL" PUB--"THE FLYING FINISH."



H'LO, BRI-LUV. HAVEN'T SEEN YOU 'ROUND HERE IN DONKEY'S YEARS...

HULLO, DORA--HOW'S BUSINESS?

CAN'T COMPLAIN. OH, COURTNEY ROSS WAS ASKIN' FOR YOU.



NICE GIRL, COURTNEY-- YOU SHOULD TAKE 'ER OUT SOME TIME, BRIAN.

COME OFF IT, DORA. COURTNEY CAN HAVE HER PICK OF ANY MAN IN SCHOOL--WHAT WOULD SHE WANT WITH ME?



WHY NOT ASK HER, BRIAN? SHE'S ONLY A FEW TABLES AWAY...

...BRIAN BRADDOCK IS A SPINELESS WIMP, AN' THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT.

JACKO TANNER, YOU MAKE ONE MORE CRACK ABOUT BRIAN AND I'M GOING TO FORGET I'M A LADY.

NOW, WE'RE ALL GOING TO THE FLICKS, RIGHT?



I DUNNO, COURTNEY. I HEAR THE FILM HAS A FOURTH-FORM VOCABULARY-- YOU SURE JACKO WILL BE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND IT?

YOU SHUT UP, SANDY YORK-- WHAT I SAID TO JACKO GOES FOR YOU, TOO!

OH, THERE'S BRIAN....



HULLO, BRIAN.

HM? OH! HUL-HULLO, COURTNEY...

LOOK, A BUNCH OF US ARE GOING TO THE CINEMA-- WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME ALONG?

I... AH... I... CAN'T, I'M AFRAID. I HAVE A LOT OF... WORK TO CATCH UP ON.



I SEE. MAYBE NEXT TIME, THEN.

AH, BUT THERE WON'T BE A NEXT TIME--NOT IF JACKO TANNER HAS ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT IT.

SO LONG, WIMPIE.

ONE OF THESE DAYS, TANNER, YOU'LL PUSH ME TOO FAR...

I'D HAVE LOVED TO HAVE JOINED YOU, COURTNEY-- BUT I'M STILL WEAK FROM TODAY'S BATTLE--

THAT'S ENOUGH OF BRIAN BRADDOCK FOR THIS ISSUE... AS WE TURN OUR ATTENTION DOWNFLOW WAY...



...TO A SHABBY INDUSTRIAL STREET JUST OFF HEATHROW...



PAPER!

HERE IT IS, YOU OLD TRAMP -- NOW PUSH OFF!



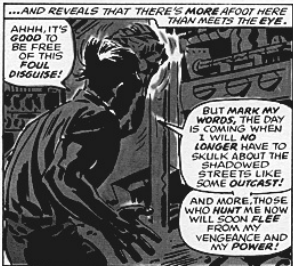
FOOL! YOU INSULT ME AT YOUR PERIL-- BUT... WHAT'S THIS?

IF THIS STORY IS TRUE, PERHAPS I WON'T HAVE TO TRAVEL TO AMERICA AFTER ALL...



THE MAN MOVES FASTER NOW. HIS GAIT THAT OF SOMEONE HALF HIS AGE AS HE ENTERS A LONG-DESERTED WAREHOUSE...

Evening
CAPTAIN BRITAIN STRIKES AGAIN!
BRITAIN'S OWN
SUPER-HERO
SMASHES
BANK ROB!



AAAAH, IT'S GOOD TO BE FREE OF THIS FOUL DISGUISE!

BUT MARK MY WORDS, THE DAY IS COMING WHEN I WILL NO LONGER HAVE TO SKULK ABOUT THE SHADOWED STREETS LIKE SOME OUTCAST!

AND MORE, THOSE WHO HUNT ME NOW WILL SOON FLEE FROM MY VENGEANCE AND MY POWER!



SO, BEWARE, CAPTAIN BRITAIN-- FOR IF YOU ARE BRITAIN'S FIRST SUPER-HERO.

--IT IS ONLY FITTING THAT YOU BE DESTROYED BY HER FIRST SUPER-VILLAIN!

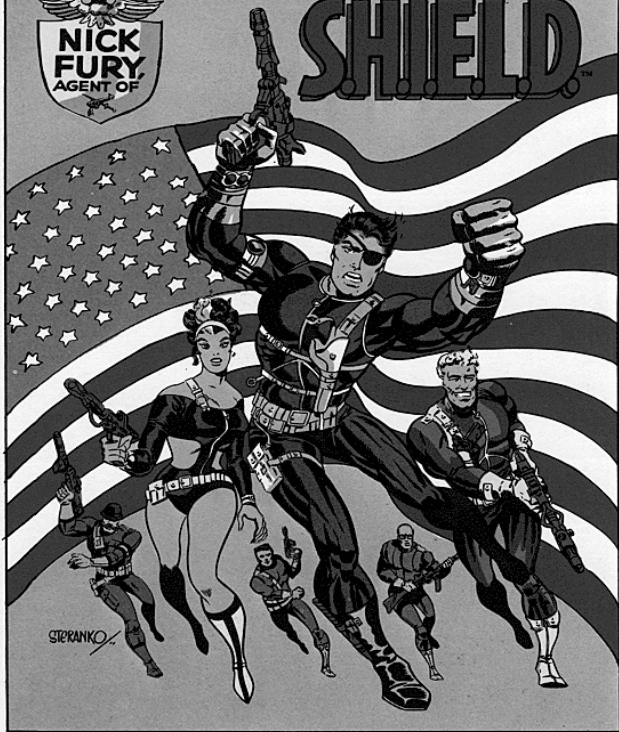
HURRICANE!

...JUST THE BEGINNING!
(TO BE CONTINUED...)

A MARVEL MASTERWORK PiN-UP



SHIELD™



Stan Lee
PRESENTS: **CAPTAIN BRITAIN!**

CHRIS CLAREMONT
AUTHOR

* HERB TRIMPE & FRED KIDA
ARTISTS

* I. WATANABE, LETTERER
* M. SEVERIN, COLORIST

* LARRY LIEBER
EDITOR

MORNING, THE AUTUMN SUN HAS NOT YET
RISEN OVER THE THAMES ESTUARY. THE
SPRAWLING CITY OF LONDON LIES STILL
AND QUIET IN PRE-DAWN DARKNESS...

IT'S A PRIVATE TIME--THE WORLD
POISED BETWEEN SLEEP AND WAKE-
FULNESS, MUCH AS A YOUNG PHYSICIST-
TURNED-SUPER-HERO HANGS POISED
FIFTEEN FEET ABOVE THE FLOOR OF
THAMES UNIVERSITY'S GYMNASIUM.

IT'S A TIME FOR
DREAMING--AND
SOUL-SEARCHING.

AFTER A WEEK
COOPED UP IN
CLASSROOMS AND
PHYSICS LABS, IT'S
GOOD TO GET INTO
ACTION AGAIN...

...EVEN THOUGH
MY OPPONENTS ARE
ONLY A VAULTING HORSE,
THE ODD BALANCE BEAM,
AND PARALLEL BARS...

IT'S STRANGE--ALMOST FRIGHTENING,
--THE EASE WITH WHICH I'VE
ADAPTED TO LIFE AS A SUPER-HERO.

AS IF I'D BEEN DOING
IT FOR YEARS--INSTEAD
OF ONLY FOR A MONTH.

**HOUR OF THE
HURRICANE!**



WELL, TIME TO RETURN TO REALITY. PEOPLE WILL SOON BE UP AND ABOUT.

AND IT WOULDN'T DO FOR CAPTAIN BRITAIN TO BE SEEN EXERCISING IN A GYM RESERVED BY BRIAN BRADDOCK.



BLAST! SOMEONE'S OUTSIDE THE DOOR!

AND FROM THEIR SOUND, THEY'RE ABOUT TO COME IN!



IF I WAIT 'TIL I LAND TO SWITCH IDENTITIES, MY SECRET WILL BE OUT.

I'VE NO CHOICE. I MUST CHANGE IN MID-AIR...



...AND HOPE THAT BRIAN--WHO'S FAR LESS THAN A SUPER-HERO--CAN SURVIVE THE LANDING.

WELL--WHAT HAVE WE HERE?



WHAT GOES, BRADDOCK? YOU FIGURE TO BE FIRST IN THE QUEUE FOR THE 1980 OLYMPIC TEAM?

HOW RECKLESS--A DELICATE CHAP LIKE YOU, WORKING OUT WITH ALL THIS DANGEROUS EQUIPMENT...

WHY--YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN HURT!



TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME, JACKO TANNER!

GOODNESS--SUCH RAW HOSTILITY FROM OUR MILD-MANNERED RESIDENT GENIUS...



I'M WARNING YOU, TANNER. STOP TAUNTING ME, OR ONE OF THESE DAYS, I'LL...

YOU'LL WHAT? YOU'LL NOTHING, THAT'S WHAT. YOU'LL MERELY TURN ON YOUR HEEL AND WALK AWAY.



SEE WHAT I MEAN?

YOUR PROBLEM, BRIAN, IS THAT YOU'RE AS PREDICTABLE AS YOU ARE GUTLESS.









IMAGINE, IF YOU WILL, A HURRICANE. TEN METRES HIGH AND THIRTY METRES WIDE-- SWIRLING IN THE CENTER OF THE UNIVERSITY GROUNDS WITH WINDS IN EXCESS OF TWO HUNDRED KNOTS...

...AND IN THE CENTRE OF ITS VORTEX--SECURE AND PROTECTED BY THE DEAD CALM OF THE STORM'S EYE--STANDS ONE LONE, LAUGHING MADMAN...

ONLY ONE WAY TO REACH HURRICANE. A POLE VAULT!

BUT MY JUMP HAS TO BE PERFECT.

--BECAUSE IF I MISS THE STORM'S EYE AND GET CAUGHT BY THOSE WINDS...

IT WORKED!

YOU?! BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! YOU COULDN'T--

WRONG. I COULD AND DID!

HA! I TRIPPED YOU, CAPTAIN--!

--SHARED YOU IN MY WINDS!

NOW YOU'LL NEVER ESCAPE!

HE'S...RIGHT! WIND...RAIN, ALWAYS STRONGEST RIGHT AROUND THE...EYE...

...BLASTED ELEMENTS HAMMERING AT ME...SMASHING ME DOWN...

...I CAN'T TAKE MUCH...MORE OF...THIS...

THE BATTLE'S QUICKLY DONE.

...AND A HERO LIES DEFEATED!

I BEAT HIM! ON MY FIRST OUTING, I DESTROYED ENGLAND'S ONLY SUPER-HERO WITH HARDLY ANY EFFORT!

...AS I SHALL DESTROY ALL THOSE WHO DARE OPPOSE ME!

TODAY IT WAS CAPTAIN BRITAIN-- TOMORROW IT WILL BE ALL MANKIND!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 39



Stan Lee PRESENTS: **CAPTAIN BRITAIN!**



**CAPTAIN BRITAIN
HAS BEEN BEATEN!**

DID YOU SEE--?
THAT SUPER-
VILLAIN, HURRICANE,
LAID CAP OUT
FLAT!

DO YOU
THINK HE'S
KILLED
HIM?

NOT TODAY, FRIEND-- THOUGH HE CAME CLOSE...



EASY, LAD-- YOU'VE
BEEN KNOCKED
ABOUT PRETTY
HARD.

HUH? OH
NO, IT'S DR.
MCKENZIE.
BRIAN BRADDOCK'S
TUTOR!

ONE WRONG
MOVE AROUND HIM
AND MY SECRET
IDENTITY WILL BE
GONE FOR GOOD!



DR. MCKENZIE, HAVE
YOU SEEN BRIAN? HE
RAN INTO THE MIDDLE
OF HURRICANE'S
ATTACK...

...AND I HAVEN'T
SEEN HIM SINCE!

YOUNG BRADDOCK?
NO, I'VE NOT SEEN
HIM, COURTNEY--
I'M SORRY.



WELL, I'LL BE--! FROM THE
SOUND OF HER VOICE, COURTNEY
ROSS CARES FOR ME!

SOUND...?

THAT
BUILDING--!
HURRICANE'S
WINDBLASTS
MUST HAVE
SHATTERED THE
CURTAINWALL--
IT'S COLLAPSING!



IT'S FALLING STRAIGHT
FOR COURTNEY!

LOOK OUT!

OH!

BTHOOH!

CHRIS CLAREMONT, AUTHOR • MARK TRIMPE + FRED KIDA, ARTISTS
K. MANTLO, LETTERER • M. SEVERN COLORIST • LARRY LIEBER, EDITOR

THE RESIDENCE HALL ISN'T THE LAST STRUCTURE TO FALL, AND AS THE MORNING WEARS ON, STUDENT AND FIRE BRIGADE RESCUE CREWS REMAIN HARD AT WORK...

... DIGGING OUT THOSE TRAPPED IN THE RUBBLE--
--THE LIVING...THE DEAD...

WE NEED A DOCTOR HERE--
--AT THE DOUBLE!

BUT LET'S SHIFT OUR SCENE FOR A MOMENT, MOVING ACROSS LONDON TO A WAREHOUSE IN MOUNTSLOW...

...AND A VILLAIN WE'RE COMING TO KNOW VERY WELL.

THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING, FOOLS--
A SMALL DEMONSTRATION OF WHAT MY POWER CAN DO WHEN I'M PROVOKED.

TWO YEARS AGO, THE SCIENCE BOARD LAUGHED AT ME--
AT MY THEORIES--
BUT THEY WON'T LAUGH NOW...

...AND THRU IT ALL, CAPTAIN BRITAIN DOES THE WORK OF A DOZEN MEN...

... IN A FASHION UNIQUELY HIS OWN.

THONK!

...WHEN I DEMAND A RANSOM OF A BILLION POUNDS IN GOLD!

BECAUSE IF MY DEMAND ISN'T MET, I'LL SIMPLY DESTROY THE CITY OF LONDON!

MEANWHILE BACK AT THAMES UNIVERSITY...

UNNNNNH!

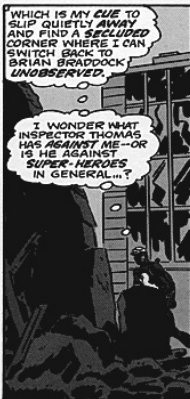
GO EASY ON YOURSELF, MISS ROSS-- AFTER ALL, I'M THE SUPER-HERO HERE, REMEMBER?

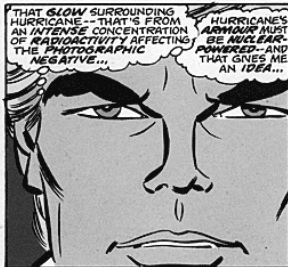
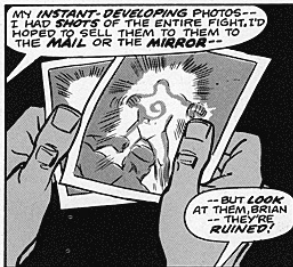
THESE ARE MY FRIENDS BURIED HERE, CAPTAIN BRITAIN-- I'LL STOP WHEN THE JOB'S DONE... NOT BEFORE

I SHOULD TELL YOU, MATE-- COURTNEY ROSS IS ONE PLUCKY LADY.

THOUGH WHY SHE WASTES HER TIME ON A WIMP LIKE BRADDOCK, I'LL NEVER KNOW.

HEY! COPPERS, FROM SCOTLAND YARD, NO LESS!





SERAPH MEWS--A QUIET RESIDENTIAL STREET JUST OUTSIDE THE UNIVERSITY GROUNDS...

BRIAN LIVES HERE, RENTING A FLAT FROM DR. MACKENZIE, PARTLY FOR CONVENIENCE...

...BUT MOSTLY FOR ACCESS TO THE PROFESSOR'S PRIVATE LAB...

I HAD TO WAIT UNTIL DR. MACKENZIE WENT TO SLEEP BEFORE I COULD START WORKING...

I HATE SNEAKING AROUND BEHIND HIS BACK, BUT I CAN'T AFFORD THE QUESTIONS HE'D ASK ABOUT THESE EXPERIMENTS I'M RUNNING.

...I CAN DETERMINE PRECISELY WHAT TYPE OF RADIATION IT IS, PERHAPS EVEN ITS FREQUENCY.

AS I SUSPECTED--IT'S UNLIKE ANYTHING I'VE SEEN BEFORE, EVEN AT DARKMOOR CENTRE.

FROM SANDY'S FOGGED PHOTOS, I KNOW HURRICANE THROWS OFF RADIOACTIVITY...

...AND BY EXAMINING BITS OF THE BUILDINGS HE DESTROYED, BITS HE ACTUALLY TOUCHED...

...AND THEN FOLLOW HIS RADIOACTIVE "TRAIL" RIGHT BACK TO HIS BASE.

BUT SOMETHING ABOUT THESE READINGS BOTHERS ME. THEY'RE SO... UNSTABLE.

WITH ALL THE RAW POWER HURRICANE COMMANDS, HE MUST BE THE EQUIVALENT OF A WALKING H-BOMB!

ALL I NEED TO DO NOW IS CALIBRATE THIS TRACER TO HURRICANE'S FREQUENCY...



THE MOON'S TOUCHING THE HORIZON BY THE TIME CAP FINDS WHAT HE'S BEEN LOOKING FOR...

... AFTER A NIGHT SPENT SCRAMBLING ACROSS THE VAST EXpanse OF LONDON BETWEEN THAMES UNIVERSITY AND HEATHROW-- ONLY SIXTEEN MILES AS A SUPER-VILLAIN FLIES--

-- FOLLOWING A RADIOACTIVE TRAIL SO FAINT AT TIMES AS TO BE PRACTICALLY NON-EXISTENT. STILL, HIS PERSISTENCE HAS PAID OFF...

... FOR HE'S FOUND NOT ONLY HURRICANE'S BASE, BUT THE VILLAIN HIMSELF!

IT WILL BE DAWN SOON -- AND WITH THIS DAWN MY REIGN OF TERROR BEGINS!

WHAT SHALL I DESTROY FIRST-- PARLIAMENT?

NO, BIG BEN'S ALREADY BROKEN.

TOWER BRIDGE? THE PALACE ITSELF?

WHICHEVER I CHOOSE, THESE FOOLS WILL KNOW -- NOW AND FOREVER -- THAT MINE IS THE POWER OF LIFE AND DEATH ITSELF-- EH?!

WHAT'S THAT?!

I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING ON THE ROOF --BLAST THIS ARMOUR, IT KEEPS ME SAFE BUT CUTS MY HEARING BY HALF!

WAIT! THERE'S THE NOISE AGAIN-- SOMEONE IS PROWLING ABOUT.

WELL, THAT "SOMEONE" IS ABOUT TO GET THE SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE.

NOT SO, HURRICANE -- IT'S YOU WHO'LL BE GETTING THE SURPRISES TONIGHT...

... BECAUSE CAPTAIN BRITAIN IS HERE TO END YOUR MADNESS ONCE AND FOR ALL--

--OR DIE TRYING!

UNNINGAH!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 47

A MARVEL
MASTERWORK
PIN-UP

DR. STRANGE

MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS



BUDIANSKY & ADKINS

STAN LEE
PRESENTS:

CAPTAIN BRITAIN!

HAVOC AT HEATHROW!

CHRIS CLAREMONT, WRITER
HERB TRIMPE & FRED KIDA,
ARTISTS
J. WATMANIS, LETTERER
MAUR SEVERIN, COLORIST
LARRY LIEBER, EDITOR

THE SCENE IS A
HIDEOUT ON THE FRINGE OF
HEATHROW/LONDON AIRPORT.

IT TOOK ME
HALF THE NIGHT
TO TRACK DOWN
HURRICANE--

--BUT NOW
THAT I'VE FOUND
HIM, I'VE GOT TO
KNOCK HIM OUT
OF ACTION...

...BEFORE
HE SMASHES
ME TO A
PULP!

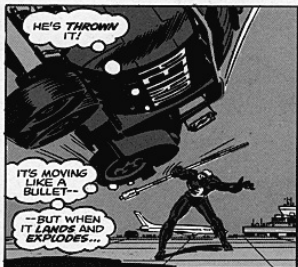
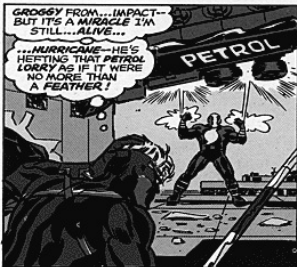
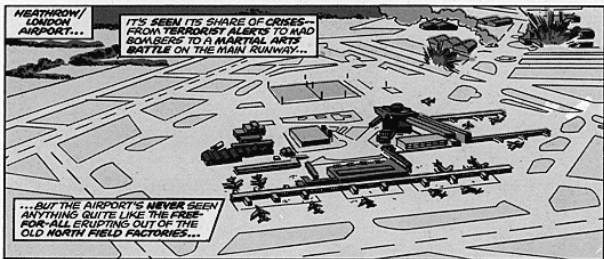
BUT THAT'S EASIER
SAID THAN DONE!

...BUT NOTHING
CAN PROTECT
YOU--

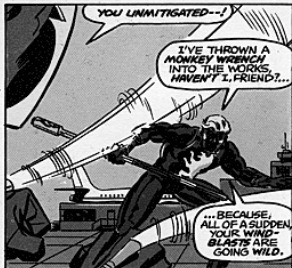
--FROM THE
POWER OF
HURRICANE'S
WIND-
BLASTS!

FOOL--! MY ARMOUR
PROTECTS ME FROM YOUR
STRONGEST BLOWS...

WIND BLASTS
MIGHTY
ENOUGH TO
THRUST A
PIECE OF
STRAW THRU
THE TRUNK
OF AN OAK!









NOW I HAVE YOU
JUST ABOUT WHERE
I WANT YOU!

WHU-U-UF!

THUMP!



CAN'T AFFORD TO DROP MY GUARD AGAIN--
I'VE STRETCHED MY LUCK TO ITS LIMIT.

THE KEY IS STILL THAT BACKPACK--
A POWER UNIT THAT GENERATES
EXTREME COLD--WHICH I FELT
THRU THE METAL OF MY STAFF...

WAIT--
WHAT'S THAT...
NOISE...?!



OH, NO--! I'M ON THE
ACTIVE RUNWAY!

AND THERE'S
AN AIRCRAFT
TAKING OFF!



THIS IS A PERFECT
OPPORTUNITY
TO USE MY SUCTION
BLASTS!

Vo OOS H!



SKIPPER,
WE'RE
STALLING
OUT!

BUT HOW?
WE WERE
AIRBORNE,
UNDER FULL
POWER!



HURRICANE--
HE'S PULLING
THE JET
DOWN ON TOP
OF ME!



FREIGHT-
AIR FLIGHT
381--
LONDON TO
LOS ANGELES,
NON-STOP...

AIR FREIGHT LTD.

...A HUNDRED-FIFTY THOUSAND KILOGRAMS--OVER
ONE HUNDRED-SIXTY TONS--OF DC-8 POISED
DELICATELY ON THE BOUNDARY BETWEEN EARTH
AND SKY...

...BEFORE HURRICANE'S
SUCTION PULLS IT
BACK TO EARTH!

MOVE, BRIAN--

MOVE!







Four human beings--changed by
space-born cosmic rays into something
more than merely human.

So was born The Fantastic Four--
and from that moment on, the world
would never again be the same.

WHEN STUDENT-PHYSICIST BRIAN BRADDOCK RUBS HIS MYSTIC AMULET, HE TRANSFORMS INTO BRITAIN'S SUPER-HEROIC CHAMPION OF JUSTICE...

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

CAPTAIN BRITAIN!™

WIND OF DEATH!



IT'S FUTILE TO STRUGGLE, CAPTAIN BRITAIN! EVEN YOUR STRENGTH CAN NOT BREAK THOSE CHAINS-- AND IN MERE MOMENTS--

--YOU WILL BE DEAD!

HURRICANE MAY BE RIGHT!

I'M SHACKLED OVER THE AIR INTAKE OF A CONCORDE--AND WHEN HE PUSHES THE THROTTLES TO FULL POWER I'LL BE SUCKED INTO THE ENGINE...

...AND CUT TO PIECES!

CHRIS CLAREMONT, AUTHOR.
HERB TRIMPE & FRED KIDDA, ARTISTS.
IRV. WADSWORTH, LETTERER.
MARIE SEVERIN, COLORIST.
LARRY LIEBER, EDITOR.



MUST STALL FOR TIME...TIME TO THINK OF A WAY OUT! CHON, CHUN, USE YOUR FAMOUS BRADDOCK BRAIN--!

IF I'M TO DIE, HURRICANE, AT LEAST TELL ME THE REASON--!

YOU OBVIOUSLY HAVE GENIUS! WHY USE IT CRIMINALLY?



FOR THE MOST BASIC OF REASONS, FOOL--VENGEANCE!

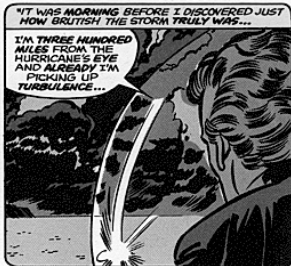
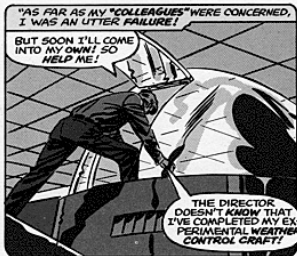
AGAINST THOSE WHO SCORNED ME, LAUGHED AT ME--!

YOU SEE, I WAS NOT ALWAYS AS I AM TODAY...

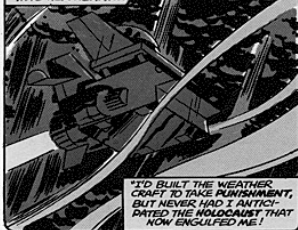


"...TWO YEARS AGO, I WAS ALBERT POTTER, A METEOROLOGIST AT LONDON WEATHER RE-SEARCH CENTRE..."

...AND THIS, DEAR, IS BERT "HURRICANE" POTTER, THE MAN WHO'S GOING TO TAKE THE BIG WIND.



"IT WAS HURRICANE LINDA--ONE OF THE WORST STORMS IN MODERN HISTORY--AND I WAS FLYING INTO HER HEART..."



"I'D BUILT THE WEATHER CRAFT TO TAKE PUNISHMENT, BUT NEVER HAD I ANTICIPATED THE HOLOCAUST THAT NOW ENGULFED ME!"

"STILL, ALL SYSTEMS WERE OPERATING AS EXPECTED, UNTIL..."



LIGHTNING--REPEATEDLY HITTING THE SHIP--AS THOUGH THE STORM WERE ACTUALLY ATTACKING ME! OH--NO--

THE POWER CELLS ARE SHORTING OUT--OVERLOADING. THE CIRCUITS ARE GENERATING AN ENERGY FEEDBACK!

"IN AN INSTANT IT WAS OVER! MY WEATHER CRAFT WAS TRANSFORMED FROM A GLEAMING CONSTRUCT OF TITANIUM ALLOY--THE PRODUCT OF ONE MAN'S GENIUS--"



"--INTO A PILE OF WHIRLING JUNK..."

"...WHOSE MULTIPLE EXPLOSIONS WERE HURLING ME--ALIVE!--OUT INTO THE RULL FURY OF THE HURRICANE!"

"BY ALL LOGIC I SHOULD HAVE BEEN KILLED IN THAT INSTANT..."



"...OR, WHEN I HIT THE WATER AFTER A FOUR THOUSAND METRE FALL..."

"BUT BY SOME STRANGE PHENOMENON--SOME INEXPLICABLE QUIRK OF NATURE--"

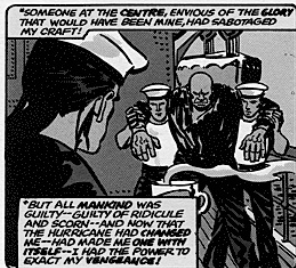


"I SURVIVED!"

"SURVIVED, TO BE RESCUED TWO DAYS LATER FROM SPENT SEAS."



"SURVIVED, CLUTCHING THE CONVICTION THAT MY CRAFT HAD NOT BEEN DESTROYED BY HUMAN ERROR--BUT BY SABOTAGE!"



"SOMEONE AT THE CENTRE, ENVOIOUS OF THE GLORY THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN MINE, HAD SABOTAGED MY CRAFT!"

"BUT ALL MANKIND WAS GUILTY--GUILTY OF RIDICULE AND SCORN--AND NOW THAT THE HURRICANE HAD CHANGED ME--HAD MADE ME ONE WITH ITSELF--I HAD THE POWER TO EXACT MY VENGEANCE!"

I HID FROM MY UNSUSPECTING ENEMIES UNTIL MY PLAN WAS READY. OVER THE FOLLOWING MONTHS, I EXPLORED MY AWESOME POWER...

I FOCUSED IT, REFINED IT, TURNED IT INTO A WEAPON CAPABLE OF BRINGING THE WORLD TO ITS KNEES.

WHICH IS WHAT I SHALL DO--ONCE YOU ARE OUT OF THE WAY.



HE'S STARTED THE ENGINE!

THE WIND FORCE--IT'S TEARING AT ME! SOMEONE'S CERTAIN TO HEAR THE JET WHINE--

--BUT BY THE TIME THEY ARRIVE, IT'LL BE TOO LATE. I MUST ESCAPE ON MY OWN!

I'LL SNAP MY ARM FORWARD, AND HOPE THAT THE SHOCK SHATTERS THE CHAIN...



IT WORKED!



BUT THERE'S NO TIME TO BREAK THE OTHER SHACKLES. HURRICANE'S RUNNING THE ENGINES UP TO FULL THROTTLE--

WAIT--THE CHAINS ARE SET TO HOLD CAPTAIN BRITAIN...



...NOT BRIAN BRADDOCK.

I ONLY HOPE BRIAN CAN WITHSTAND THE TREMENDOUS SUCTION.



